



# Wake Her Up Again



126 7 13

## Chapter 1 by Sam I am

She's sleeping again. She's been asleep for weeks now. I can't wake her up no matter how hard I try. She may not wake up again. Ever. Her cold body lays on her bed, no movement at all. No twitch, no twinkle in her eyes. Her body as pale as the falling snow. Will she wake up again? Can she ever wake up again?

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Doctors' reactions have been mixed. Some are overly confident. Others, not so much. I'm not sure if staying by her bed on the off chance that she opens her eyes once again is a fool's hope, but if I don't, she'll be all I think about, anyway. I balance my laptop on my legs gently, peering from my load of taxation work to observe her every five minutes or so. After all, Setsuna or not, bills need to be paid around here. Life goes on, and whatnot.

The business card is still on my bureau, as it has been for the last week. I still have not called. And I'm not sure if I ever will, if she doesn't wake up.

## Chapter 3 by TraderVic12



I close the lid on the laptop gently and for minutes I stare at her pale face, but the sound falling from the roof startled me. There I was, sitting there, hoping so badly she wakes up.

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It was not longer than a minute, but it felt like an eternity. The storks before they leave south. We had no luck, she said, and the birds have left before. It was the same day we

danced on Aunt Marie's party and the same day it started snowing the first time this year.

'That's a good sign', she said, 'I'd love white christmas, no matter what people say about the traffic and cold.'

'If this keeps up', she was saying when we were already in bed and the sky was white with snow, 'we'll go skiing next weekend.'

We never did. She fell ill and slept for a day, and only said a few words after she woke up and felt asleep again. It was a month ago, yes, but it feels like years have passed.

The laptop already got cold in my hands, so I slide it into it's bag and stand up. The room is warm, as doctors ordered, so I am not cold. I lean closer to her and hold her hand. She doesn't move or flinch, as usual, and in the absolute silence of the house I can barely hear her shallow breath.

The day is already long and I feel sleepiness getting the best of me, but I want to be here, when she wakes up.

'Wake up Cassie.' I whisper.

#### Chapter 4 by Little Star



As I pleaded Cassie to open her eyes, I feel my eyelids become heavy and I had the sudden urge to lay down next to her. So that is what I did. I closed my eyes and let out a breath.

When I opened my eyes, I saw her standing in the corner. "Cassie?" I croaked. She spun around with a glimmer in her eyes and a smile on her face. She ran over to me, but her eyes fluttered quickly and she fell to the ground. I got up and ran to her, picking her up in my arms.

She was asleep again. And I was awake. I needed to figure out what this curse was. Why I was awake while she slept, and opposite. I needed to awaken us both from this slumber of death. We both needed to escape or we never see each other.

#### Chapter 5 by Rhyn Ellivrut



What were those words?

Cassie had uttered a few words after her first day of sleep. Just after we spoke of skiing. But she didn't say anything about skiing. See more of Story Wars

"You can see... you can be..."

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See what? Do what?

Knowing that as I slept, she would be awake, I had figure out how to ask. I needed to know. She'd been asleep a long time and using the laptop to communicate seemed unreliable. Did she remember how to use it? Did she remember who I was? What did she remember?

She would certainly be able to read. A note, then. A note tucked into the two heart-shaped dragons on the dresser. She had moved that each time she was awake. A note that said what? 'What were you talking about?' was vague. Most starting questions are vague, but the other person is generally there to provide answers from which more questions come. It must be brief, and it must be good.

A glass of water refreshed my mind. Ok, Cassie. We need to figure this out. Picking up a pen, I begin to write.

Cassie,

You've been gone a while. I don't know where you've been. Your body is here, and I love and care for you. So, where do you go? How shall I come with you? You awaken when I sleep. This is new, and I worry. I don't remember anything when I sleep anymore. I don't dream. Where do I go?

No. Too much information. A new note, and another. Several more notes later:

Cassie,

I miss you. Help me understand. Where do you go? What do you see?

Love you,

River

It looked silly, but using her nickname for me seems right. I tuck the note into the dragons, and prepare to sleep. Nervously, I grow tired. My eyelids demand to remain shut. An odd sense falling encompasses me as I lose consciousness.

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